

Canada—

East




# The WAR CRY

CHRISTMAS-1926



TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY



# CHRIST'S BIRTH, LIFE, DEATH & VICTORY FORETOLD

## CONCERNING HIS HUMANITY

*"Behold, a Virgin shall . . . .  
bear a Son, and shall call His name  
Immanuel."—Isa. 7:14.*

## CONCERNING HIS DIVINITY

*"For unto us . . . . a Son is given;  
and the government shall be upon His  
shoulder: and His name shall be called  
Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God,  
The everlasting Father, The Prince of  
Peace."—Isa. 9:6.*

## CONCERNING HIS LINEAGE

*"The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a  
lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come."—  
Gen. 49:10.*

## CONCERNING HIS BIRTHPLACE

*"But thou, Beth-lehem, Ephratah, though thou be  
little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee  
shall He come forth unto Me that is to be Ruler  
of Israel."—Micah 5:2.*

## CONCERNING HIS FORERUNNER

*"Behold, I will send My messenger, and he shall  
prepare the way before Me."—Malachi 3:1.*

## CONCERNING HIS OFFICES

### AS A PROPHET

*"The Lord thy God will raise up unto  
thee a Prophet from the midst of thee . . .  
unto Him ye shall hearken."—Deut. 18:15.*

### AS A PRIEST

*"Thou art a Priest for ever after the  
order of Melchizedek."—Psalm 110:4.*

### AS A KING

*"Shout, O daughter of Jerusalem: be-  
hold, thy King cometh unto thee . . . low-  
ly, and riding upon an ass."—Zech. 9:9.*

## CONCERNING HIS BETRAYAL

*"So they weighed for My price thirty pieces of  
silver."—Zech. 11:12.*

## CONCERNING HIS HUMILIATION

*"I gave My back to the smiters, and My cheeks to  
them that plucked off the hair: I hid not My face from  
shame and spitting."—Isa. 50:6.*

## CONCERNING HIS CROSS

*"They pierced My hands and My feet."—*

*Psalm 22:16.*

## CONCERNING HIS RESURRECTION

*"For Thou wilt not leave My soul in hell; neither  
wilt Thou suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption."—*

*Psalm 16:10.*



# The Canada East WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in  
Canada East, Newfoundland & Bermuda

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December 25th



## THE PAGAN

**I**N the Land of the Morning Radiance, and nestling among the hills of Hiwang-Hai Province, rests the sleepy little village of Pyong-San.

Here is to be found scenery that beggars description; landscapes that would ravish the soul of an artist. All about the region one sees the crumpled backs of jagged mountains, with snow-clad, cloud-wrapped summits, rearing themselves skyward, their proud crests lost in the heavens. The beautiful valleys are dotted with rich crops and quaintly-placed, low, thatched hovels. There are clusters of blazing tiger lilies; there are snow-white herons wading in the shallows; there are rivulets coursing their disturbed way like angry silver.

In the village there are slow-moving, white-coated, white-trousered, white-socked people, and most of them are peculiarly proficient in the art of idling gracefully.

What a panorama!

Can it be that such luxurious natural beauty could have been marred, but a few years ago, by such startling signs as this:

"If you love your country, kill the foreigner!"

And what a pity that these entrancing hilltops should be profaned with devil posts, demonolatry and sacrifices to mountain-spirits. And how sad that these peace-loving, white-garbed people should render their homage to Confucius or to Buddha, while the Christ—He is a stranger to them!

'Midst such surroundings there lived one Sin Soen III, a terror to the quiet inhabitants of Pyong-San and ringleader in all the questionable

exploits of the town malcontents. This prince of rogues was in striking contradistinction to the serenity of the village. If Darwin could have seen him twenty years ago, the scientist might have exclaimed, "Here is the missing link 'twixt man and beast!" The natives of Pyong-San accepted him as human merely because he navigated on two pedal extremities—other than that they weren't quite so sure.

Sin Soen III could neither read nor write. His was a midnight ignorance. He was essentially wild—in speech, deportment and desire. His temper was ferocious, snarling, violent. He had the primeval animalism of a "Tarzan," the cruel exactitude of a Shylock, and the murderous instincts of a Bill Sykes all rolled into one, making him just a skinkful of living hellishness.

(Continued on page 5)

# LAST PHOTOS of the FOUNDER

## Taken in Canada



Founder's talking to an International Congress in

London, England, might have been, it could not be compared for effectiveness to a Congress conducted for Canadians in their own Territory. He loved Canada. He said so! The young, vigorous, streaming life of this new country caught his fancy. He wanted millions of men and women to get a new start in life and a fresh chance to earn an independent livelihood here. His immigration policy was a result of that desire.

How many Canadians are to-day happily situated, whose opportunity for brighter and better days came because of General William Booth's love for Canada? His comparisons of the standard of living in England and Canada were mostly in our favor, but I remember well the Massey Hall address in which he reminded us that Canada should not criticise England. "Wait till as much smoke has gone up your chimney stacks. There may be as much soot!" Rather an arresting thought.

On the general public, his influence while in our midst was remarkable. All the ranks of life, in every city and town he visited, knew and felt that he was a prophet. One of the outstanding events, to my mind, was his address to the students of Toronto University. He told, in thrilling words the story of his life's work and closed by saying, in a very

compelling way, "That's the story of my life. What are you going to do with yours?" I shall never forget the profoundly solemn close of that appeal, nor, I feel sure, will others who heard it.

The history of Canada will some day be written. Methinks it would be difficult for its author to overlook the tremendous value to the country, at the close of the nineteenth and beginning of the twentieth centuries, of the work of the Founder of The Salvation Army, whose thoughtful care sent thousands of Britain's manhood to its shores, and so wisely kept the supreme aim of all Salvationists true to its course, namely, the Salvation of the bodies and souls of men.

The Founder of The Salvation Army needs no monument in marble in Canada to perpetuate his memory. The Salvation Army is a living testimony to his work.

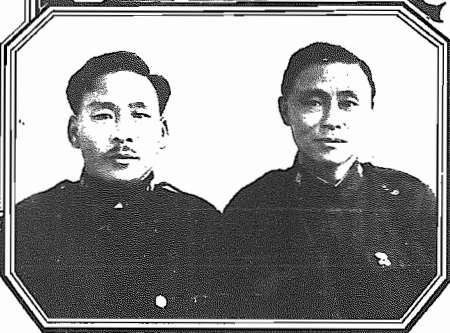
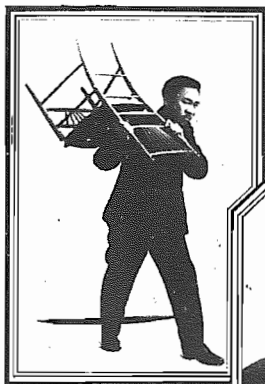
GEORGE ATTWELL,  
Lieut.-Colonel.

### "THE GENERAL IS COMING TO CANADA!"

It would be outside the bounds of possibility for any writer to convey to his readers the true import of that sentence to the Canadian Field of thirty-three years ago. It seemed too good to be true. And when it gradually dawned upon us that he was really coming, our doubts resolved themselves into the realisation of the high honor that was being conferred on this country. The General coming to see his Canadian people! We talked about it; we thought about it, and we prayed about it.

That is all past history now, but the memory of those several visits to our shores remains clear and crisp. When the Founder was in Canada he was a Canadian. He saw us through Canadian eyes. His counsels, warnings, and admonitions were eagerly accepted because we recognised this. However captivating the





"Billy Sunday," together with Ensign Kim Tong Soo—the man who never gave up hoping for his Salvation.

# ONCE A PAGAN

(Continued from page 3)

One of the most spectacular incidents connected with his pioneering efforts happened in a little village where he had succeeded in making a number of converts. Now, of course, the unchristianized Korean wears his hair long, putting it up in topknot fashion. To sever this precious growth really constituted the outward sign of an inward grace, as it unannounced to all and sundry that the party had adopted Christian standards. But Sin's converts retained their topknots, for such a course made backsliding a simple matter. Such vacillation and shuttlecock compromise flamed his ire into a flame. So he summoned the converts together one day and told them they must have their topknots cut off.

"We should like to have them taken off," said they, with mealy-mouthed guile that belied their words, "but we have no Army caps to cover our heads, and we could not wear our native hats."

"Don't worry about that trifle," intercepted the Preacher, "I'll soon get them for you." Whereupon he wrote to the Headquarters at Seoul for a supply of caps, and by return post he received a consignment of the same. He spread the caps out in imposing array along the front of the platform, and then summoned his converts for council.

"Comrades, the caps have arrived. I have one for each of you. Now it is time your topknots were cut off!"

The attitude of the believers suddenly bristled with rebellion. They scratched their heads. They fondly stroked their pigtails.

But Sin Soon III was nothing if not prepared for them—he had brought long knife with him!

"Now," he declared, "let the one to have his topknot sliced stand here."

No response.

But the silence affected Sin's temper the same as a lighted match affects gunpowder. His hand bolted out, caught hold of the nearest pigtail, came down and severed the precious queue from the head of a screaming, cowering convert.

Pandemonium!

But swish-sh-shst went the blade again, and off came another topknot.

The villagers soon aroused and frenzied natives gorged higgledy-piggledy into the little Hall.

"Don't cut my boy's topknot off!"

"Touch that lad's hair at the risk of your life," bellowed another.

But the blade kept swishing, and one by one the topknots fell.

Such a phillippic of hate as the enraged townsman poured out on the daring little Officer! It was vitriolic!

Then came an organized attack. They would murder this disturber of the peace—tear the heart out of him and offer it to appease the wrath of some wizard spirit.

But the threatened one was as calm as a limpid lake on a windless day. "Kill me? Huh—what good will that do you? That won't put the topknots back again, will it? They're off already!"

To make a long story short, in the end, most of them became worthy Christians.

And at Christmas time, if you could peek into the home of this unusual man who was transformed from Pagan to Preacher, you most likely would see a group of little Sin Soon IIIs clapping and heartily singing:—

"Nal sarung hassim,  
Nal sarung hassim,  
Nal sarung hassim,  
Sung kyang a messona."  
(Yes, Jesus love me etc.)



## THE PENITENT

Now Soon III had little love for anybody—and less than that for the Japanese, under whose suzerainty the Korean nation is governed. He hated them like poison.

It chanced that while his hate was hottest he heard of The Salvation Army's invasion of Korea. An inspiration came to his churlish mind.

"An Army! Ah!" and he grinned with bucolic glee, "just what we need to deliver us from the serfdom of Japan. An Army with bands, uniforms, guns, swords! Ho! Ho! It's now for liberty, equality, fraternity—or death! I'm—guess I'd better get the young bloods of Pyong-San trained, so they will be prepared when the European Officers arrive." So he got busy.

When he had whipped into shape a squad of strapping young Koreans, he sent to The Army's Headquarters in Seoul, requesting that they despatch an Officer to inspect the result of his efforts. A Lieutenant, accompanied by one Kim Tong Soo (now Ensign, and of blessed memory to Canadians) visited the village in response to the invitation. They proceeded to inspect Soon III's firing squad, held a meeting, did some very queer things, but made no mention of ammunition, and made no diatribe against the Mikado.

Passing strange! Soon III and his hooligan regiment were vexed. These Army folks talked about no one but Jesus Christ. Who was He? Soon III fully expected he would be made a Sergeant in the militia, and here he discovered that the newcomers to Korea were an Army of love, not war; they fought with a Book, not bullets.

Soon III's eyes squeezed together like slits in a blackberry pie. A sinister gleam of malevolence lurked therein. He was mad—blindly, insanely, shoutingly mad. And he let folks know it. His foul tongue fairly dripped with corrosive sublimation as he denounced the chicanery of these imitation soldiers who were, as he said, "afraid to fight!"

The scaffolding of his military hopes had fallen in splinters—but his feet, praise God, were destined to land upon a Rock. By the Lieutenant he was considered an impossible and beyond-the-pale wretch; but Kim Tong Soo hoped. And he of the dulcet voice, liquid eyes and tender heart, persistently visited the mad mad man and prayed with him. So heavily was the soul of Tong Soo burdened for the Salvation of his countryman that one day, as he and the Lieutenant traversed a dusty road, he bade his companion kneel while they called

upon God to speak to the benighted soul of Sin Soon III.

Now prayer is kindling. It ignites fires. It makes things move. And this prayer from the altar of dust did that. For it was recorded that about that time the frenzied fellow's conscience was strangely stirred, and, one memorable day soon after, to the shock of his rascally cronies, he knelt at the mercy-seat of the Pyong-San barracks. In that vile heart, more filthy than any Bethlehem stable, the Holy Child found birth. And the angels' Gloria in Excelsis, sung on the purple hills of Judea that Natal morning of the long ago, could scarce have sounded sweeter in God's ears than the victory shouts of the Pyong-San Christians who rejoiced to know that in the heart of the village blackguard—the Christ was born.

## THE PREACHER

What was the difference between Saul and Paul? Simon and Cephas? It was Christ! And He, too, is the difference between the Pagan and the Preacher.

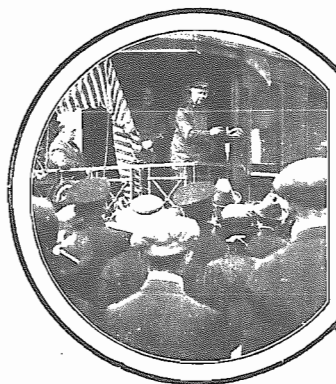
Now the Preacher became as active in the service of God as the Pagan had been under the influence of demons. Always hot-hearted and thoroughly abandoned to any enterprise at hand he now flung all the dynamic of his transformed nature into a new channel.

Be it known that as a preacher this Korean "Billy Sunday" is not a master of ornate phrases, nor at ease amidst the amenities of the drawing-room. He is blunt, blazing, Boauergic. Such passion as dominates his platform efforts cannot be simulated; it is his soul being poured out. He is a grimace master, with a jazzy jingle in his voice which betrays that he once was a singer and dancer. His feet are restless, and he can skip "a light fantastic toe" on the platform to God's glory, just as easily as he can devour a bowl of his gastronomic ideal—currie and rice!

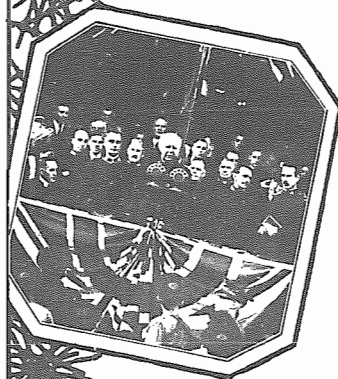
Such a bundle of holy vigor could not but achieve success. In fact, he has been instrumental in opening more Corps in Korea than any other native Officer.



# CAMERA-ED IN CANADA



Addressing a train-side audience at Brandon, Manitoba



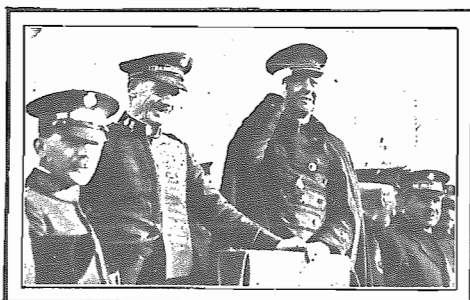
Tense moment during Civic Reception in Toronto, 1924



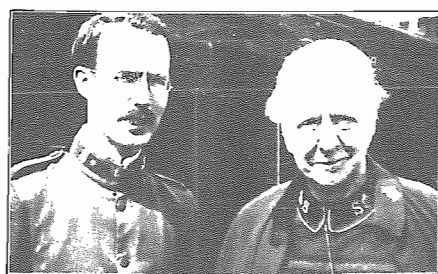
"I praise God for every victory won in Toronto I's old Hall"



Stone-laying ceremony of Toronto I Citadel, October, 1924.



Taking the Salute in Toronto during the Fall Congress of 1920



With Adjutant Wycliffe Booth, prior to disembarking at Montreal

# PATHFINDERS IN CANADA

ONE DAY last Winter I stood before the magnificent Champlain Monument in Couchiching Park, Orillia. The whole setting of the picture was appropriate. Behind me the surface of Lake Couchiching stretched to the horizon; to the right and left giant trees stretched their leafless boughs toward a leaden sky, while every twig rattled its protest against the combined assault of a silver thaw and a high wind as I stood alone in a veritable tempest of sleet and rain. But I forgot all the surroundings as I gazed at the majestic bronze figure before me, and paid my tribute of respect to one of the pathfinders of Canada.

Within the last few days I have been reading the history of another pathfinder—a figure singularly lacking in the spectacular charm of our Canadian pioneers, but one whose sufferings were greater and whose achievements were more valuable than any other human pathfinder. Let us take a passing glance at this world figure. Athens had long passed the pinnacle of her greatness and only the hollow shell of her glory remained to cover the corruption of her decadent people, when a frail, suffering man, fleeing from the violence of a mob at Berea, entered her gates and "saw the city wholly given up to idolatry." Quickly his indomitable spirit rose to the challenge of her idols, and on Mars' Hill Paul the Apostle preached of Jesus and the Resurrection.

The people laughed him to scorn and soon he left the city, never to return, but the seed had been sown, the trail of Christianity had been blazed, and this greatest of pathfinders went on his way to conquer new lands for his Lord.

But to-day my heart glows at the thought of a newer race of pathfinders who marched in the van of The Salvation Army in our Dominion. About forty years ago many of the cities and towns of Canada were stirred by the announcement, "War declared on the world, the flesh and the devil. The first shot to be fired in the Hall on \_\_\_\_\_."

Many had visions of a military invasion with all the panoply of war, and were amazed to find that the invading Army consisted merely of two lassies, or probably a man and wife alone on the platform. But it was soon evident that these lone warriors were real pathfinders, marking out new paths of service. Open-air attacks, house-to-house visitation, WAR CRY selling in saloons, uniform-wearing and other tactics led to much persecution, but also to wonderful revivals of soul-saving, and to-day, all over the country, you will meet men and women who were won for God at that time. Visit any of the two hundred and seven Corps in this Territory and you will hear the names of its first Officers mentioned with a peculiar tenderness. Not only did these pioneers open new Corps and make new Soldiers, but new light and life were brought to hearts that already loved



Mrs. Lieut. Colonel  
Attwell



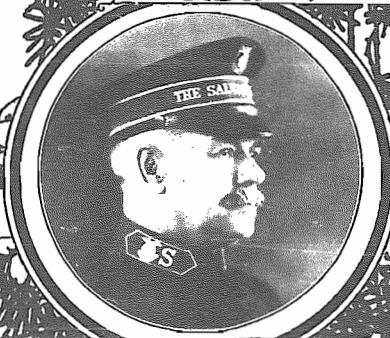
Mrs. Colonel  
Spooner



Mrs. Brigadier  
Layman



Mrs. Staff-Captain  
Maltby



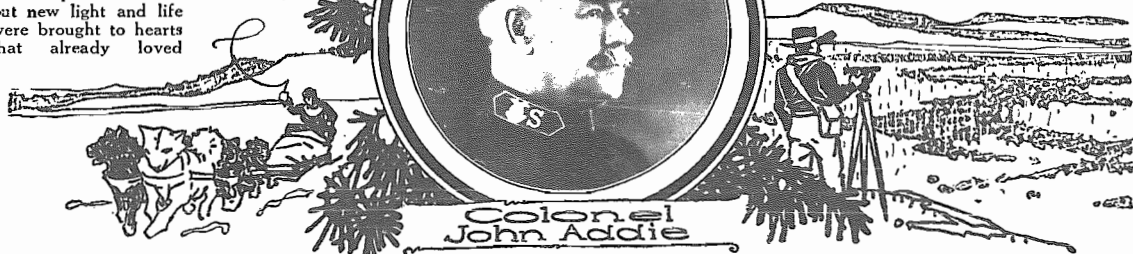
Colonel  
John Addie

God, church members were revived, backsliders reclaimed and the whole spiritual life of communities received new impetus.

Let me give one striking example of the permanent nature of the work accomplished by these Salvationist Pathfinders. A few years ago I was in charge of a Corps having about one hundred and twenty-five Soldiers when the 25th Anniversary was celebrated. As an item on the program, I arranged for a song by the Soldiers who had been saved under the first Officers, and, to my delight, I found that there were twenty-two veterans in the Corps eligible to sing that song—surely a wonderful tribute to the work of the pathfinders!

We are still a young Organization and many of these pioneer Officers may still be found fighting in our ranks. On this page are pictured a few worthy representatives. Mrs. Colonel Spooner (nee Captain Hall), who opened the Toronto Temple Corps; Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Attwell (nee Captain Frink), who unfurled the Flag at North Bay; Mrs. Brigadier Layman (nee Ensign Edith Meader), who put in the foundations at Cobalt; Mrs. Staff-Captain Maltby (nee Captain Banks), who "opened fire" at Halifax; and Colonel John Addie, who raised the Standard in Canada.

All honor to you, pathfinders! We are proud to follow in the way you marked out for us.—J.C.



# CHRISTMAS MESSAGES

## From Commissioner Charles Sowton

### A GREETING TO FRIENDS

THE Christmas number of THE WAR CRY will doubtless come into the hands of thousands of new and old friends of The Salvation Army, and to these I send my thankful and heartfelt Greeting.

### A GREETING TO MY COMRADES

Then there are my own Comrades in this Salvation Warfare. Some in lonely places, whose faces I have perhaps seldom if ever seen, but who are boldly proclaiming Christ's message to the world. Others in Corps or Institutions in big centres of population. Others, again, in the lowly walks of life, working hard for their daily bread, and also doing their bit for God and The Army. To all such I send a Greeting of Peace, Joy and Victory this Christmastide.

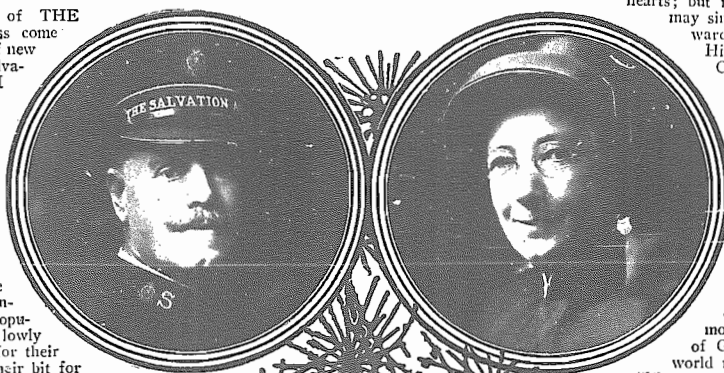
### A GREETING TO THE SORROWFUL

I must not forget that to many readers of the Christmas edition of THE WAR CRY sorrow may have come during the past year—an empty chair maybe, a separation, a boy or girl spending his or her first Christmas from home. Changed circumstances, perhaps, from other causes. To any such I also send a Greeting of hope and encouragement.

### A GREETING TO BACKSLIDERS

There are among our readers some whom Christmas will remind of a great change. Last year, or in bygone Christmases, they not only entered into the festivities of the season, but realized that God's great gift to the World dwelt by His Spirit in their

### Our Former Territorial Leader



hearts; but now that joy has gone. They may sing the Christmas song: the outward form may remain, but Jesus Himself is not there. To such, Christmas brings a message. Let them bring their gift to the Lord—a gift of repentance, the sacrifice of a contrite heart, and He will receive their offering, and give them joy for mourning.

### A GREETING TO SINNERS

What does Christmas mean to you who have never known a Saviour's love, or to whom each recurring Christmas only offers an opportunity for still more selfish enjoyment and neglect of God? Does God's gift to the world mean nothing? Do the words, "There was no room... in the inn," also apply to your Christless, empty life? Surely the Lord has a purpose even with your life! Shall not then this Christmastide be the time when Christ shall be allowed to enter with peace and good will? He waits to do so if you will ask Him.

### A LEADER'S GREETING

My last Greeting is as a Leader. The forces of good and evil are still in battle array. Christmas must not mean a halt in the conflict, the war must go on. God needs *more* men and women whose hearts are touched; *more* whose souls burn with desire to bring the lost to the Fold.

Christmas reminds us all of the great love wherewith He loved us—so let us in return give Him our consecrated service, our time and talents for His cause and Kingdom, and follow up our Christmas meetings with a renewed attack on sin and unbelief in every form. Let it mark the commencement of a still greater effort for the extension of the Kingdom that shall have no end. *Warriors of the Christ, I greet you!*

## and from The Second in Command

Colonel Robert Henry

WE are nearly twenty centuries from the Nativity, with hundreds of miles of land and leagues of sea stretching between us and Bethlehem—that quiet, out-of-the-world village raised to imperishable renown by reason of it being the birth-place of Jesus our Lord, the scene of such holy happenings, causing the heavens to blaze with unwonted glories and angels to draw so close to earth that their songs were heard by mortal men as ne'er before.

These centuries have witnessed many changes. Nations and empires have risen to great eminence and fallen to equally dark depths; men, Anak-like in powerful calibre, have marched across history's stage; faiths have been born, have flourished and died; time and space—those twin disintegrators—have been at work causing change and decay in things terrestrial. Is it not, then, little short of miraculous that millions of men and women, of diverse languages and varied circumstances, are strangely moved as Christmas comes, and that there are outflowings of joy and generosity such as no other season of the year provokes? The effect is without a parallel; the cause lies surely in this sublime truth, "That, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich."

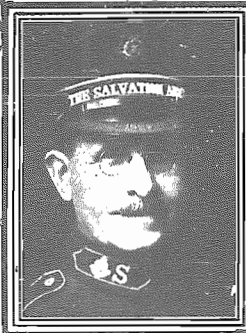
Much there is about the Nativity which stirs our hearts to their depths; a manger for the Lord of Glory; the shepherds, shaken out of their wonted stolidity by the vision of the plains, coming, hastily and with awe, into these humble surroundings; the wondering, adoring Mother; the whole enveloped by a quiet, slumbering world. These scenes have given rich material to the poet, to the artist, to the sculptor: but, after all, the sublime, transfiguring

truth which moves the soul to adoration and worship is that it was "for your sakes He became poor." The Highest condescends to become fellow with the lowest.

It is the finger of Paul which points to Bethlehem and tells the Corinthians, in ringing, triumphant tones that it was "for your sakes." Paul knew the facts. With no uncertain pen he had pointed out their sinfulness and moral delinquencies. He knew also that the Lord, while in the flesh, had never known any individual among them, neither had they set eyes upon Him; yet, His love for them had become the great motive which caused the Lord of Glory, rich beyond compare or description, to lay His glory by and take upon Himself "the form of a servant." This wonderful grace embraced every man and

woman in that early church, washing, sanctifying, justifying them; blessed, communicable results—enriching the poor, giving "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness"—were experienced through Him, Who, "though He was rich, yet for your sakes became poor."

The ages have come and gone; generations have been born and gathered to their fathers; thought, by reason of added knowledge, has advanced far beyond the ken of those days; still this soul-thrilling word holds sway, and in those He has "loved with an everlasting love" fountains of joy, generosity and sacrifice are opened at Christmas-time. In the wish that the Christmas of 1926 be the gladdest and most useful of the reader's experience, I urge you to ponder on His becoming poor in order that you might be rich; rich in those things that have out-lived time and will gladden Eternity. Take reverently the riches offered, then, and go forth with exceeding joyfulness to spend and be spent "for His sake."





# FROM WELL-KNOWN PENS

## WHERE JESUS WAS BORN

By COMMANDER EVANGELINE BOOTH

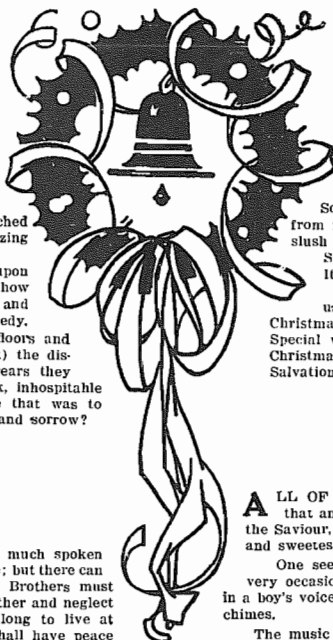
IN a stable—contemptible in its meanness, degrading in its associations, forlorn in its appearance! By its rudeness of structure and separation from human inhabitants it suggests a significance of birthplace for One who was to become an outcast—"despised and rejected of men."

How prophetic in its rude interior! What symbols of momentous and eternal happenings are its misshapen fittings!

The gnarled and knotted beams supporting the uneven roof suggest in their distorted shadows the form of a Cross upon the like of which was to be stretched this night's Gift of a world's Redeemer in the agonizing throes of death.

The unkempt shepherds hastening from their flocks upon Bethlehem's hills are His first worshippers, significant of how the first place was ever given in the God-nature of Christ and the compassion of Jesus to the most lowly and most needy.

May we not discover in the flinty composition of floors and walls (the stable being partially a cave cut out of rock) the distant clatter of falling flints with which in manhood years they stoned Him? And was not the whole of His first dark, inhospitable abode but a preliminary declaration of the whole life that was to follow, missioning the darker and poorer homes of sin and sorrow?



## WHEN THEY DO!

By COMMISSIONER S. L. BRENGLÉ

WE live in an age when the brotherhood of man is much spoken about, both in exhortation and in periodical literature; but there can be no true brotherhood where there is no fatherhood. Brothers must have a common father, and brothers who disown their father and neglect him have not the spirit which will make it possible long to live at peace with each other or show their good will. We shall have peace upon earth and good will among men, and we shall have it universally, when everywhere men give God the glory which is His due.

## THE ENNOBLED CROSS

By COLONEL JOHN BOND

MIDAS, fabled King of Phrygia, possessed the power of turning everything he touched into gold. The Christianity of Christ ennobles everything upon which its influence is brought to bear.

At this season we celebrate the birth of Christ, and even the grotto or stable in which the Son of Man was born has, by reverent hands, been beautified by tapestry and marble, lamps and silver; while above it is reared a noble edifice—the Church and Convent of the Nativity.

Thus, the place, once the mean abode of horses, mules, and camels, has, by the brief occupancy of the Infant Christ, become so invested with sacred memories and reverent regard that the good and great of the earth visit the place with feelings of solemn awe.

So far as material things are concerned, there is no more striking evidence of the transmutation of that which is base into that which is noble, than the change that has taken place in man's regard for the Cross.

Originally an instrument of torture, designed by the Romans in their most decadent days, the Cross was as ignominious in character as the gallows-tree, and cruel beyond words, and thus was reserved for murderous, thieving slaves and malefactors of the deepest dye. It was the emblem of shame; but Christ, that the Scriptures might be fulfilled—"He was numbered among the transgressors"—was also crucified on the Cross.

The Cross did not degrade Christ—He ennobled the Cross.

## FIGHT IT OUT!

By LIEUT.-COLONEL NICHOLSON

CHRISTMAS in the early eighties—and Sunday, too! What a day. Sudden snow, bitter sleet, razor-edged wind, and so on. At home, our "ain fire-side," sparkling logs, crackers and friends. We were for making tracks for the nuts and dainties. Not so our Special. He would (as he always did) insist upon fighting it out. He persuaded us and our fellow Bandsmen to have a shot when we raided a hostile quarter, where we sang and played our Christmas message.

Sudden and weighty snow was shot down lavishly upon us from roof and window sill. Our instruments were half full of slush and snow and muck. Our lips were bruised and bleeding. Swift and malicious snowballs caught us on ear and neck.

It was a Merry Christmas!

Our Special, all smiles, pushed us into the ring, urging us to fight it out. We thank God we did so. That bit of Christmas fighting helped to make us. Need we add that our Special was Commissioner Railton, one of the most splendid of Christmas fighters who ever consecrated the "Twenty-fifth" to the Salvation of souls? May we do likewise.

## THE ANGEL MUSIC

By BRIGADIER RUTH TRACY

ALL OF US, I suppose, have our own delicious dream of how that angel music sounded which heralded the birth of Immanuel, the Saviour, who ever since has been the inspiration of earth's noblest and sweetest melodies.

One seems to be always listening for the angel tones, but only very occasionally to catch "faint fragments of their song"—perhaps in a boy's voice soloing, or in the liquid notes of Brigadier Plant's organ chiming.

The music of earth delights and disturbs, but will never satisfy us. For as we listen to the best that human genius can provide, we know that "all our joy is touched by pain, . . . so that earth's bliss may be our guide and not our chain."

But wipe out Christmas Day, imagine life without Jesus, without the ever springing joy He gives, and what would become of our songs and music?

"Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; for He hath visited and redeemed His people, and hath raised up an horn of salvation for us . . ."—(Luke 1:68-69).

## A TIMELY CAROL

By CAPTAIN A. J. GILLIARD

A SHADOWY grayness in the east, chill breezes stirring the leaden waters into murmured protest—and Christmas dawn had broken over the silent harbor where mighty ships of war lay slumbering.

All night long the crew of one had struggled with hungry tongues of flame, which licked maliciously beneath the deck. They sought false strength from the tots of rum distributed unstintingly, until the fire and darkness, fear and reckless bravado, blasphemous challenge and ominous hissing, the smell of burning paint and spilt liquor created in the heart of one Salvationist on board a great weariness of soul.

As the eastern clouds slowly changed their sullen hue, the icy fingers of haunting doubt stole around his heart. Then across the water came the strains of a familiar air—

"Oh, come, all ye faithful."

Some unknown friend on a neighboring ship was greeting the Day of days. The Salvationist took courage and fought on with strength and hope renewed by the stray air which floated through the dawn across the sleeping sea.

## A THOUGHT THE CAROLS BROUGHT TO A BANDSMAN'S WIFE

Another Christmas Eve is here;  
My husband's playing in the Band.  
I hear the carols, clear and sweet,  
Come stealing down our little street.  
They bring with each melodious tune  
A call, which I who sit alone,  
Have time to understand.

I heed that urging, Lord, for now  
My mind is free from other things.  
My hands are quiet, work is done;  
Hushed is the good-night romp and fun.  
Hushed are the footsteps on the stair,  
And ceased the little evening prayer,  
And I hear angels' wings.

Not to do penance, Thy command;  
Thou bid'st me learn humility,  
To take the least and meanest place  
With unembittered heart and face,  
And shine for Thee as Thou did'st shed  
A radiance round that manger bed  
Where Thou wast born for me.

Not with the bribe of fame Thy call  
Calms the rebellion of my heart,  
But, oh, it shows me Mary's eyes  
Brimful of love and sacrifice,  
And bids me rally strength and nerve—  
Not to do marvels, but to serve,  
And play a mother's part.

Not to gain earthly power or wealth,  
For these rank not above,  
The gold of human trust I've won,  
The frankincense of kind deeds done,  
The myrrh of sorrows shared by me—  
Whose eyes Thy grief has made to see  
With keenness born of love.

My heart responds, O Lord, in this,  
The lessons of Thy humble birth.  
Here, 'midst familiar, homely things,  
I kneel with shepherds and with kings  
And lay obedience at Thy feet,  
While carols sound the message sweet  
Of joy and peace on earth.

# LONG AGO AND NOW



Lieutenant Colonel  
George Attwell

Lieutenant Colonel  
Levi Taylor

THE backward gaze does not always prove profitable. But this does not apply to the Canada East notables whose portraits appear on this page, for to them it brings a tonic to faith and a stimulus to future endeavor such as probably nothing else could.

In the Long Ago they little dreamed of the wonderful realms of service into which they were to be led. They remember with joy the day when, as young striplings in the King's service, they dedicated their lives to high endeavor. They had heard the Call and willingly responded.

True, they realized their utter insufficiency for the great task; they felt there were others who could handle the sword better than they, others who had superior gifts for leadership; but trembling fear vanished beneath the comforting promise and inspiring injunction of their Great Captain: "I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee. Be strong and of a good courage." And so by faith they went, not knowing whither they went.

What a privilege has been theirs since! Countless are the number of fellow pilgrims along life's road whom they have been enabled to help, and who to-day call them blessed.

It seems a long road when they look back! And crowded with many varying experiences.

They see it winding over sunlit hills—and the memory of those miles of the journey awakens fresh raptures. Yes, and they see where the road dips to the valley. Not so pleasant, these memories, perhaps, but they would not have had it otherwise.

The glorious hill-top experiences proved the more pleasant after the valley episodes, and they remember also that all things worked together for their good. They see the rough places where their feet often wearied, and the smooth stretch where they marched with confident and buoyant stride.

But they were companioned all along the way by their never-failing Guide and still march on full of zeal and strong in the faith.

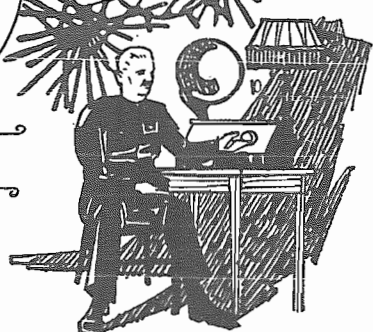


Lieutenant Colonel  
Alfred Jennings

Colonel  
Robert Hargrave

Mrs. Brigadier  
Burrows

So rejoicing with these veteran crusaders over the accomplishments of the past, we, their comrades, wish for them many more years of victorious endeavor, and hope that they will live long enough to call To-day the Long Ago!



# MANNING THE FRONT LINE



Commandant  
W. Hargrove



Adjutant  
M. M. Lean

IN THIS YEAR OF GRACE, 1926, no one needs to be reminded that The Army is first and last a militant Organization. Its home is on the battle-field; its business is fighting—and aggressive fighting at that.

It may be said of Salvationists that "Every Soldier goes to war," although the service every fighting Salvationist renders is not necessarily on what is termed the actual battle-front. Many are engaged in subsidiary departments of activity, and yet they share in the battle just as truly as do the attacking troops.

But it is with what we may call the front line fighters—those who are engaged in the actual hand-to-hand combat—that we are concerned here. The leaders in the Field—Officers who command the various Corps—are those whom we are proud to honor.

The Field commander must be a man or woman of courage and determination, one who will grasp the sword and "rush to the field, determined to conquer and never to yield." Opposed by a resolute foe who will never quit the battle, he—and when we use he in this connection she is included, for there is no distinction drawn in Army leadership—may have some heart-rending setbacks which will try the quality of his mettle, but he will grit his teeth and steadfastly stand his ground with his face to the foe.

He must have enterprise and resource. He will find the enemy's tactics full of guile; he is up against a master mind of battle strategy, one who has studied the art from the beginning of time and who knows every move of war

practice which has succeeded in the past, and is ever planning new stratagems. Your leader in the battle-line has to be every inch awake and know his job so thoroughly that he can out-general his clever and crafty foe at every point.

Further, and this is of the utmost importance, he must imbue his Soldiery with his own fiery enthusiasm, must instruct them in every phase of fighting-craft, and possess the capacity for inspiring them at every stage of the tense, close-grip struggle in which they are engaged.

"From kings to cobblers 'tis the same:  
Bad servants wound their Masters' fame,"

says the poet Gray. The true leader is one who makes good Soldiers, and inspires them to capacity service for the King.

To man the front line, then, is no child's play. It calls for warriors made of hero-stuff. Leaders such as those appearing on this page will tell you that front rank warfare is stern business, taking every ounce flesh and blood can give and demanding a spiritual energy which can only be met by One who is stronger than the human.

"Yet," they will quickly add, "there is nothing to equal it. Let me die grasping the sword. How proud am I to struggle to extend the dominion of the King of kings. What can compare with the joy of waging warfare in such a glorious Cause?"

Ah! that is the secret then. They have seen a vision—the vision without which the people perish. Thus the warm fireside of home is not for them, the place of ease knows them not. They are men of war, men equipped in fighting gear, sword in hand, struggling where the combat is sternest. Their reward is not the golden prize which others seek. It is no fulfilment of greed or ambition, such as may gain applause or fame. Nor is it even the honor of their fellow men. These men who man the front line are self-effacing warriors who save their lives by losing them. God speed their every exploit!



Commandant  
G. Earle



Adjutant  
W. Jones

Commandant  
J. Gillingham



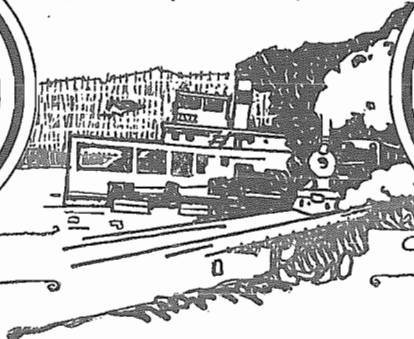
Ensign  
E. Green



Adjutant  
W. Bunton



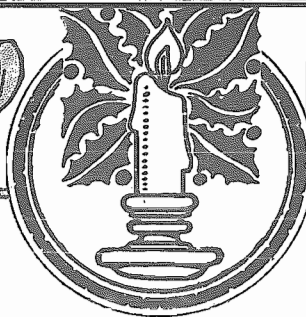
Commandant  
H. Osbourn



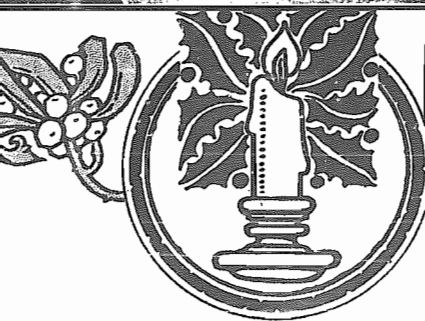
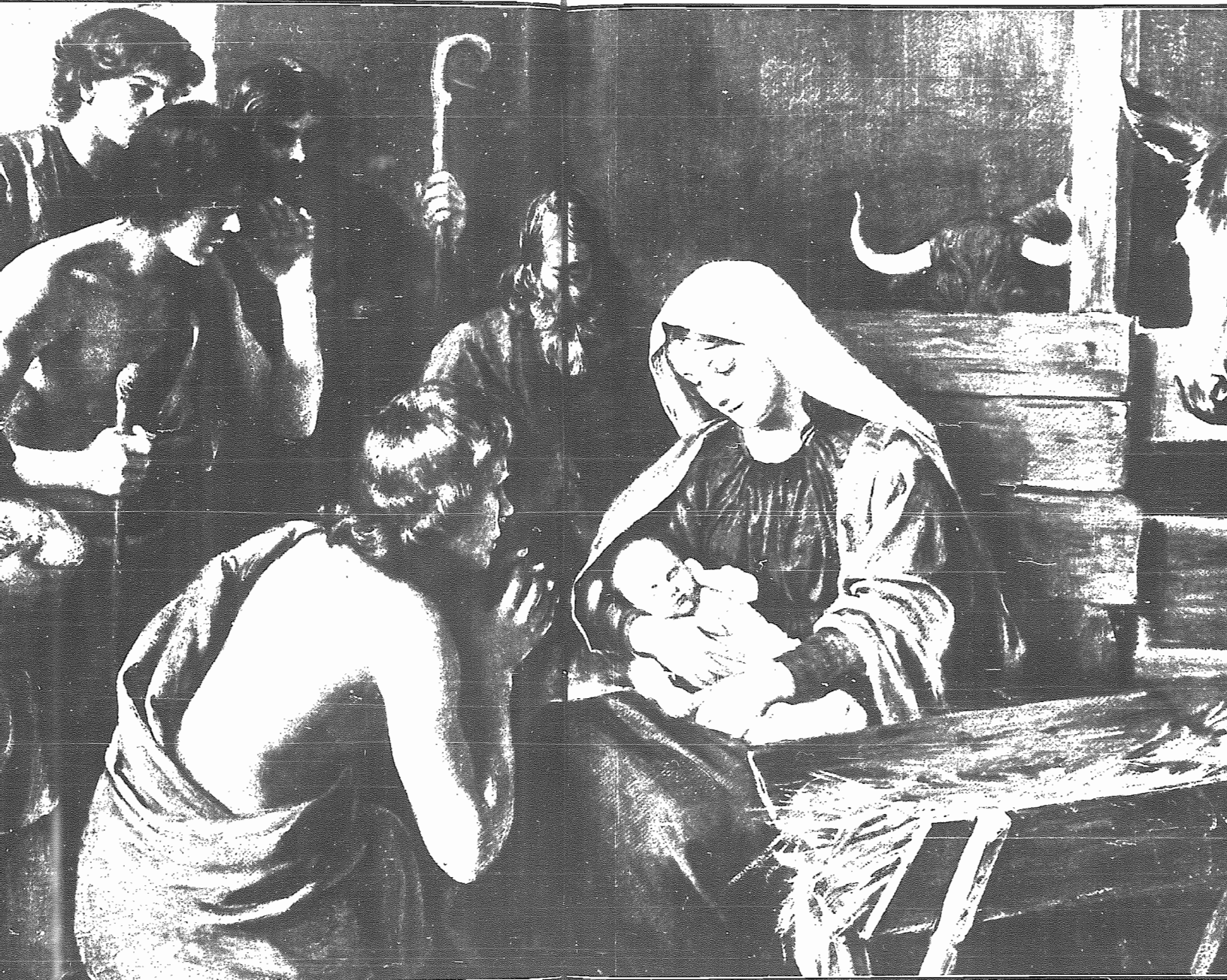


Drawing by F. DEFREGGER

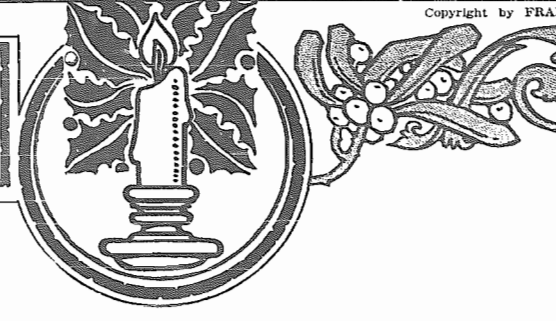
AND THEY (THE SHEPHERDS) CAME WITH HASTE,  
AND FOUND MARY, AND JOSEPH,  
AND THE BABY . . . . —Luke 2:16.







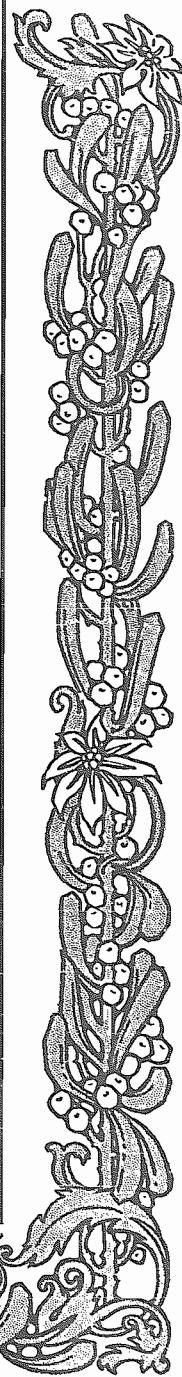
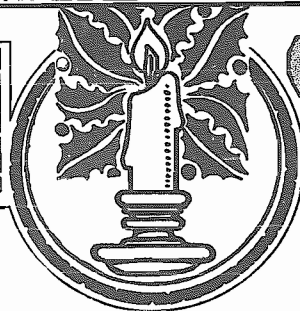
AND THEY (THE SHEPHERDS) CAME WITH HASTE,  
AND FOUND MARY, AND JOSEPH,  
AND THE BABY . . . . . —Luke 2:16.





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AND THEY (THE SHEPHERDS) CAME WITH HASTE,  
AND FOUND MARY, AND JOSEPH,  
AND THE BABY . . . . —Luke 2:16.





# RELIEVED ♥ BUT NOT RELEASED



Lieut. Colonel  
Perry



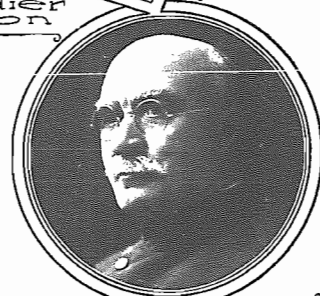
Colonel  
Jacobs



Brigadier  
Crichton



Brigadier  
Frazer



Field Major  
Campbell

**L**EGEND declares that Pygmalion, the sculptor, saw in the rough material at his hand the finished beauty of Galatea, a wonderful representation of a sea-nymph hewn from the rugged block. Having toiled to fashion it, he saw it pitiful in the imagery of what it might be and do, so he pursued his task further by pleading in passionate prayer, accompanied by sacrificial offerings to the goddess, that it might be given life and become a companion

until its ugliness was replaced by a force of Soldiers. With files of unselfishness, and broaches of hard and unceasing work, these spiritual sculptors formed from the pits, factories and slums, monuments awaiting the Divine touch, whereby the miracle might be completed. Prayer, faith, love and work brought them to life, new life in Christ Jesus. We honor and revere these pioneers. Their heads are capped with the snow of time; their bodies are frail

and a worker with him. Returning to his room one day he beheld no longer the cold, emotionless figure of his own handiwork, but a beautiful being pulsating with life and anxious to share its vicissitudes with him. "The goddess hath worked her miracle," was the cry, but it was Pygmalion's faith and work that made possible this miracle.

To-day we are faced with an army of miracles, a procession encircling the world. From the frigid, ice-bound regions of the north to the coral strands of the south, and as far as the east is from the west, these battalions of Salvation Soldiery are in constant parade. The crowd is vociferous in its plaudits. Kings smile, Princes bestow their favors. But—it was not always so, and we must not forget!

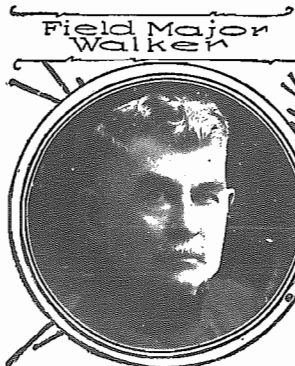
Time was when the hard strata of human nature, out of which this procession has marched, lay untouched and unmoulded. It was just a big possibility. William Booth saw this human quarry being exploited and ruined by every evil influence. So he called to his side men and women who were prepared to sacrifice, pray, and work with him,

and their zeal is unimpaired and their hearts still burn with the eternal flame.

Christmastide is touched with kindness of thought, and at this season we shall name many of these Officers and recall their struggles and victories with a pride only surpassed by our love.

To wish them "A Happy Christmas" is an unnecessary commonplace, for they must be the happiest people on earth. They review the scenes of early days, and thrill with the knowledge of something attempted and something done.

We are not forgetful of those who have answered the Last Call and who are now swelling "The song of Moses . . . and of the Lamb" (Rev. 15:3). They did much to bring this about, and their triumph is to us an impetus. As age and time steal with steady pace upon those who are still with us, and the passing years bestow upon them a declining strength, we hold them in our prayers and regard them with a genuine tenderness.



Field Major  
Walker



Brigadier  
Mrs. Green



Major  
Holman

# TOILERS BEHIND THE SCENES



Staff Captain  
Fagner



Lieut. Colonel  
Tudge



Field Major  
Chaplin



Brigadier  
Stobbs

SCATTERED over the ranging miles of this vast Territory are many loyal souls doing "shut-in" service. Not for them the platform prominence, the publicity of the parade, the happy hilarity of the harvest, the glorious grimness of the battle-front. They are soldiers of the "Shut-in" Squad. But, let it go on record, The Salvation Army acknowledges its debt of gratitude to those who toil behind the scenes. They also serve who only stand and wait.

medical workers, war correspondents, in fact every conceivable branch of "non-combatant" service is represented. Those who wage this obscure form of warfare seldom get out into the glory and glare of trench fighting where there are honors and hurrahs.

Those who are privileged to fight in the trenches, and to feel the throb and thrill of actual warfare, owe their ability to fight to the "essential services behind the line."

There are those who limber up the guns in the administrative offices, those who plod lonely paths obtaining the sinews of war, those who nurse the casualties, those who sap the enemy's strongholds, those who attend to the commissariat, and those who, in obscure ways and by devious means, make it possible for the infantry to infiltrate and the cavalry to charge the enemy's position.

Some day the "Despatches from the front" will be written in full and the heroes of obscurity who have fallen in the fight—without the picturesque paraphernalia of battle—will be given the praise and plaudits that have come their way so seldom. Their reward will be the same as that which will come to those who held up the arms of the prophet as he prayed. They are numbered with the battle-winners.

All honor to these toilers behind the scenes!

May they find increasing joy, with the increasing years, in humble service, thanking God for the gracious opportunity which has been theirs of toiling, in His name and for His glory, behind the scenes.

To maintain The Salvation War it has been found necessary to have an army behind the lines—the watchers and the waiters. Their labors are seldom seen and less often receive the appreciation of acknowledgment. Their tasks are too numerous and varied to be tabulated here, ranging from the care of immigrants and the nursing of the sick to the supervision of first offenders and waiting on subscribers to The Army's war chest. To each and all, at this season of goodwill, THE WAR CRY, on behalf of The Salvation Army, says, "God will reward your labors by blessing such, and humanity will thank you by being the better for your ministry."

The world did not know of the extensive ramifications of the essential services "behind the lines" that made victories possible in the Great War. The world will never know the equally extensive ramifications of essential services "behind the lines" that make possible the never-ceasing victories in the Salvation War.

In this Army of Salvation there are field troops,



Brigadier  
Easton



Commandant  
Coy



Major  
Calvert

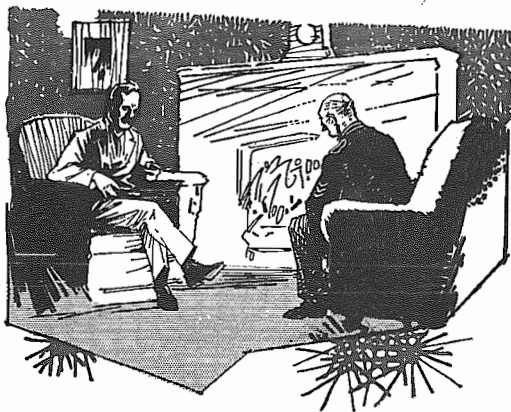


Major  
White



# HOW JOE HARDWAY MADE AMENDS

By Adjutant BRAMWELL COLES



"It's memory, Tom, memory . . ."

AS he left the bedside, the Doctor shook his head and remained in silent thought for a few brief moments which seemed hours to the anxious parents. They glanced from the pale face of their ten-year-old Billie to the grave countenance of the practitioner whom they had summoned.

A passing auto had been blamed for the accident the previous day which had brought Billie, the sunshine of their home, thus to battle for his life on the threshold of this Christmas.

The Doctor walked to the door, motioning the parents to follow. There was a note of tenderness in his quiet voice when, the door being closed behind them, the medico at length spoke.

"I am afraid to give you too much hope," he said; "It's the shock rather than the injury that's the trouble. If only he had a more robust constitution . . . Still," he added, "It's wonderful what children can come through, and we'll fight to the last ditch."

"And we'll pray, Doctor," added the mother earnestly, "that the Lord will spare Billie to us; he's our only lad."

The father, his utterance choked, nodded silently, and then, as one in a dream, led the way downstairs, helped the doctor into his coat, grasped his outstretched hand, heard vaguely his remark about the storm without and his promise to return towards midnight, and then, closing the door, was absently seating himself by the sitting-room fire while there was a ring at the front door bell.

Opening the door, he found Sergeant-Major Tom Betts standing in the snow.

"Eh, Tom, surely the Lord has sent you. There's no one more welcome to-night. Come right in. It's real good of you to come through the heavy storm. Give me your coat and warm yourself."

"I felt I must run round, Joe; only just heard about it," said the Sergeant-Major, taking an armchair before the welcome blaze. "How's the lad? I saw the Doctor leave."

"He feels real grave about the little chap. Oh, Tom," he continued in despairing tones, "what shall I do if he's taken?"

"Now Joe, lad, you must keep a brave heart. Remember, while there's life there's hope—an old saying, Joe, but none the less true."

"Yes, maybe, Tom, but you don't understand," Joe choked back a sob and was silent for a while. Then he continued with quivering voice, "It's memory, Tom, memory . . ."

His comrade's puzzled look caused Joe Hardway to continue, "Yes, Tom, it's memory that's making it so hard. I know the past is forgiven; the blessed Lord has cast it behind His back, but sin exacts its toll from its victims in terms of memory."

Sergeant-Major Betts, mystified though he was, was too finely sensitive to probe the wound which was causing his comrade such evident pain.

"Yes, but remember, Joe," was his remark, "as far as the East is from the West . . ."

"True, Tom; thank God for that; but when I think of that little fellow upstairs can you wonder memory disturbs me?"

"I was a bad man before the Lord met me," he continued in tones of bitter remorse. "We had a hell of a home—all my doings—lived in B—, in England—a story of drink again—bad companions and all that."

"And the worst memory of all is connected with a Christmas Eve, five years ago. I'd been out on a drunken spree—the usual thing."

The Sergeant-Major's keen understanding told him that a sympathetic ear was what Joe most needed, and feeling he could best help him carry his burden in this way, he listened without interruption.

"Think of it, coming home to little Billie and mother on Christmas Eve mad with drink when I ought to have been making things happy for them—decorating a tree for the little fellow, putting up the holly and decorations, bringing home toys for the lad and a gift for mother. What a home it was! Bits of sticks of furniture in a couple of rooms; mother had covered a box to serve as a cupboard for what bits of food and crockery we had.

"How that brave woman tried to make the best of things! She would keep the place clean, patch Billie's clothes and her own poor bits of rags to look like a boy and herself tidy-like. But they were—God forgive me! Mother would go out washing, taking Billie with her. Oh, the bitter remorse of it all!"

"That night I came home, as I say, drunk—yes, madly drunk. Poor mother had tried to please little Billie by hanging up a few paper chains a neighbor had given her. In some strange way this enraged me. Probably the gaiety of the decorations seemed to mock at the wretched hovel and at my more wretched self. As I staggered across the room, Martha eyed me with that look of fear which so often came into her eyes when she knew not what would be forthcoming."

"Maddened, I struck her a blow which sent her reeling across the room, and then half threw the little, frightened, screaming lad into a corner—God forgive me!"

"It's in the hidden past now, Joe." "Think of it, Tom; think of it," continued Joe as though unconscious of the other's kindly reminder, "ill-treating that loyal little woman and that sweet chappie who's now fighting for life upstairs. My God! The memory of it!"

"I was mad, mad! But believe me, God knows, it wasn't me, it wasn't Joe Hardway who did it; no, it was the drink, the cursed drink."

"In my sober moments, few though they were, I was a different man; I would fondle the little lad and lift him on my shoulder—although he seemed half-scared of me even then—and I would promise Martha never to touch the damnable liquor again."

"But what was the use? Drink had me in a vice-like grip; I was as powerless as a feather before a strong breeze."

Joe suddenly sat upright, listening intently. "Was that the lad?" he exclaimed as if to himself, "I thought I heard a cry."

"I heard no sound," remarked the Sergeant-Major. "I might as well finish the story now. Poor Martha, bruised and half stunned as she was, got to her feet and sprang across to the little fellow, lifting him in her arms to shield him from further hurt. But in the providence of God, before I could do any more harm—the devil possessed me that night—the door burst open and in rushed a man who had heard the shrieks and scuffle."

"He was an Army Bandman, though I didn't know it at the time. He took in the situation at a glance. He was a big fellow and in his indignation he came for me in the full flush of his wrath. He seemed to tower right above me; he lifted his big fist. I felt the blow before it came, and cringed under it. But it never

actually came.

"How he mastered himself I don't know; but he told me afterwards that somehow he suddenly realized that that was the wrong physis, although I've told him I wish he had laid me out; I deserved it. Anyway, be, with a companion who had followed him in, sat me down and gave me it straight from the shoulder. I'd never felt so small in my life. But strangely enough, I felt in no resentful mood and was sobered up a little."

"Having rated me for any cruelty, they told me of the love of God—spoke to me as to a child, for I was as dark as a heathen—and then tried to get me on my knees; but I refused. Nor would I promise to give up the drink. In the end they got me to promise not to touch the drink for a week."

"How those fine fellows hung on to me! Every night they were after me, trying to get me on my knees before God; but I was like adamant. Nor would I attend their meetings."

"I had kept my promise about the drink until the last day, a Saturday, when, with a week's wages rattling in my pocket, I broke out again. That night, in the 'Lion,' when I was in as bad a state as ever, in came the two Bandmen—they had tracked me. They took me by the arms and coaxed me out. Then they dragged me along with them—whither, I neither knew nor cared—and before I was aware of it, I was in The Army Hall, sitting in the front seat between my two faithful guardians."

"Well, Tom, thank God that night I became a new creature in Christ Jesus—sobbed at the penitent-form like a child—went home, my companions accompanying me. They told my wife that I was born again. She said little, poor woman. She was doubtful about it; can you blame her?"

"I blurted out, 'Martha, I've been a



"The devil possessed me that night."

and—a fiend—but, God helping me, I'm going to be a man like these two chaps."

"She and sonny soon proved the reality of my new purpose; and then she, too, found the new Friend, for the Captain's wife had lost no time in calling to see her."

"Enough, Tom; I don't know why I've unfolded all this to you. But those memories I can hear little Billie's cries of terror and pain now; and when I realize he might be taken..."

"Joe," said Tom Betts, placing his hand on the other's shoulder, "the past cannot be undone; but listen, do you remember those lines:

"God's anger now is turned away,  
My sins are under the blood?"

"True, Tom, but"—and Joe straightened himself in his chair holding out his right hand, "I would willingly give that hand if I could blot out those haunting memories. But as the lad lies upstairs racked with pain and with scarcely a sign of life, my heart is wring with unspeakable anguish because of the past. If only he is spared, I have a feeling I shall be able to make amends in some way or other."

Sergeant-Major Betts, who had rarely realized so acutely the impotence of mere words, sought to bring balm to the wounded heart, and then as the two knelt together, committed the care to the Burden bearer.

It was twenty-four hours later. The Doctor was seated by the side of the little patient; on the other side of the bed sat Billie's mother, weary with her long vigil; at the foot stood the anxious father.

The Doctor rose quietly. The parents eagerly watched his face for a sign. In the distance, mingled with the sound of bells, came the voices of carolers singing: "Fear not, said he, for mighty dread."

Had seized their troubled mind, Glad tidings of great joy I bring.

To you and all mankind."

The shadow had lifted from the Doctor's face and in its place there sprang a look of surprise. The parents saw it and waited eagerly for him to speak. He motioned them to the door. "There's hope," he said quietly, as they stood at the top of the stairs. "He's a bonny fighter. I hardly thought..." Then, after a pause, "Let the lad sleep."

"God be praised!" exclaimed the mother. "Thank God," echoed the father fervently.

"He's a bonny fighter," repeated the Doctor, as if to himself, the look of surprise still lingering on his countenance.

"It's the blessed Lord," said the father, "He's answering our prayers." The Doctor paused for a moment before descending the stairs, and turned towards the father. "I'm inclined to think," he added thoughtfully, "that perhaps you are nearer the truth."

"Lord, spare the lad," fervently prayed Joe Hardway at his bedside that night, "so that I may make amends."

Peep into that little home a decade later. It is Christmas again. A merry party sit around the supper table. Joe Hardway and his wife are host and hostess to-night. Sergeant-Major and Mrs. Betts share the festive board. Round the well-loaded table also are the happy faces of little

Jack and Jean, two of the three children who now bless the home, while seated between them, and the life of the company, is Billie, now grown to manhood and known as Cadet William Hardway.

The conversation is in happy vein. Will, home for a Christmas vacation from the Training Garrison, faces an artillery barrage of questions from the merry company, ranging from the fattening effects of the Garrison food to his progress as a "preacher."

The latter interrogation sets Will off describing his "preaching" exploits in a way that causes no little amusement.

"I may have been a dud before, but I tell you, when I get started, there's no stopping me. But," he adds



A merry party sat around the festive board

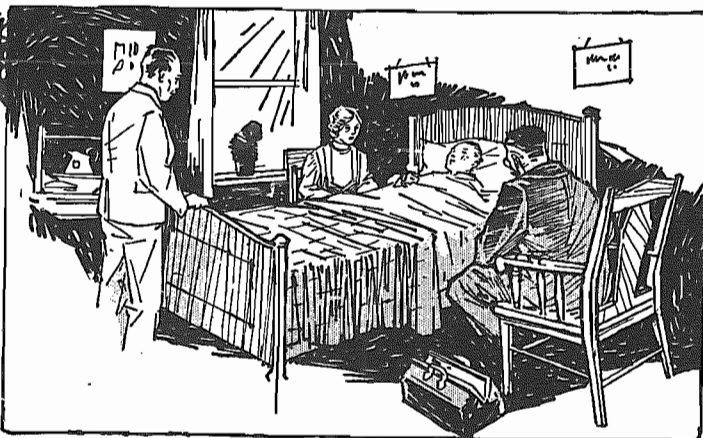
quickly, "the trouble is to get started."

"Then you don't take after your mother," said his father with a chuckle and a side glance at his partner.

"Isn't Joe too bad!" said Mrs. Hardway, looking for sympathy to Mrs. Betts, "he's always making fun of women's tongues."

"Never mind, Mrs. Hardway," exclaimed the Sergeant-Major, laughing, and with a sly look at Joe's plate, "your husband does not seem to be a very great enemy of that important member."

"Anyway," continued Will, when the laughter had subsided, "I'm having some rare training; first Sunday in they left me at a street corner to hold an Open-air alone. Think of it! Will Hardway holding a meeting unaided. But it's wonderful what you can do when you try—gave out a song—sang each verse—prayed—gave out another song—solaced it again—then read the story of blind Bartimaeus—started to apply the lesson, got horribly tied up—the gas began to run out—and so switched on to my own experience—that refilled the



They eagerly watched the Doctor's face for a sign

tank and I stepped on the gas and got away again at a lively pace.

Told them I was blind Bartimaeus and related how I found sight; had quite a job to find the brake then."

"Yes, that's just the trouble your mother experiences," laughed Joe, unable to refuse the opportunity of getting in a second shot.

It was a delightful evening; the young ones had some rare fun with "Billie," as they still called him; there was much singing of old carols around the piano, and the great climactic event—the disposal of gifts from the Christmas tree.

The evening passed all too quickly and sighs from Jack and Jean greeted the signal that bed-time had arrived.

It was later in the evening, while the Sergeant-Major and his wife were making preparations for leaving, that Joe drew Tom Betts aside. "Do you remember that Christmas night ten years ago," he asked, "when Billie was so ill?"

"Aye; I do! What an anxious time that was to be sure; what a wonderful recovery!"

"I've been thinking a lot during the evening about it," continued Joe. "I prayed that night that the little chap would recover so that I could make amends—you understand."

The other nodded sympathetically.

"When Will came to us a year or so ago, saying he felt called for Officership,

stop to debate the question. It's God's call; you dare not refuse."

"When I said that, Tom, I realized I was robbing the boy of a comfortable and well-paid life job that would have meant for him many desirable things; but I also knew that I was guiding my boy into the path of soul-peace, saving him from a lifetime of regret, and making him the heir to heavenly treasure incomparable with any earthly gain."

A glad light leapt to Joe's eyes as he continued: "In doing this, Tom, I feel I've done something to make amends."

Sergeant-Major Betts grasped the other's hand: "What better could you have done, Joe?"

As Joe opened the door for the departing guests, the pealing of the Christmas bells was heard. "How beautiful!" exclaimed Mrs. Hardway. "More beautiful," said the Sergeant-Major with feeling, "when bells ring in your heart; eh, Joe?"

That night Joe Hardway dreamed a dream. He imagined he was sitting alone by his fireside in the evening, when suddenly there appeared in the room the radiant figure of the Master. Joe fell upon his knees at the feet of his Lord.

"Master," he cried, "Thou knowest my heart; Thou knowest my sorrow for those black years of sin before I came to Thee in repentance."

The Master interrupted him. "My son," He said in tones of unspeakable tenderness, "I know not of those years of sin; I even I, am He that blot-teth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins."

"My Lord, I believe," Joe cried. "But Master," he continued with emotion, "I have tried to make amends!"

In Joe's vision the Master bade him rise, and, with countenance radiant with love and sympathy, He drew Joe toward Him and placed a kiss upon his forehead.

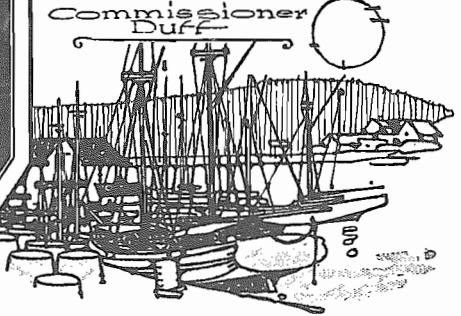
"What better could you have done?"

but that he was undecided—the good prospects with his firm were such a tug to him—I said to him unhesitatingly. "Obey God, my lad; don't



Mrs. Commissioner  
Higgins

Mrs. General Booth

Commissioner  
Duff

## WARRIOR WOMEN WORKERS

**S**INCE the birth of The Salvation Army, women have been identified with its operations, and of such increasing importance has their work become, that we do not hesitate to say that it is quite indispensable. And, if indispensable to The Army, what must it be to the world?

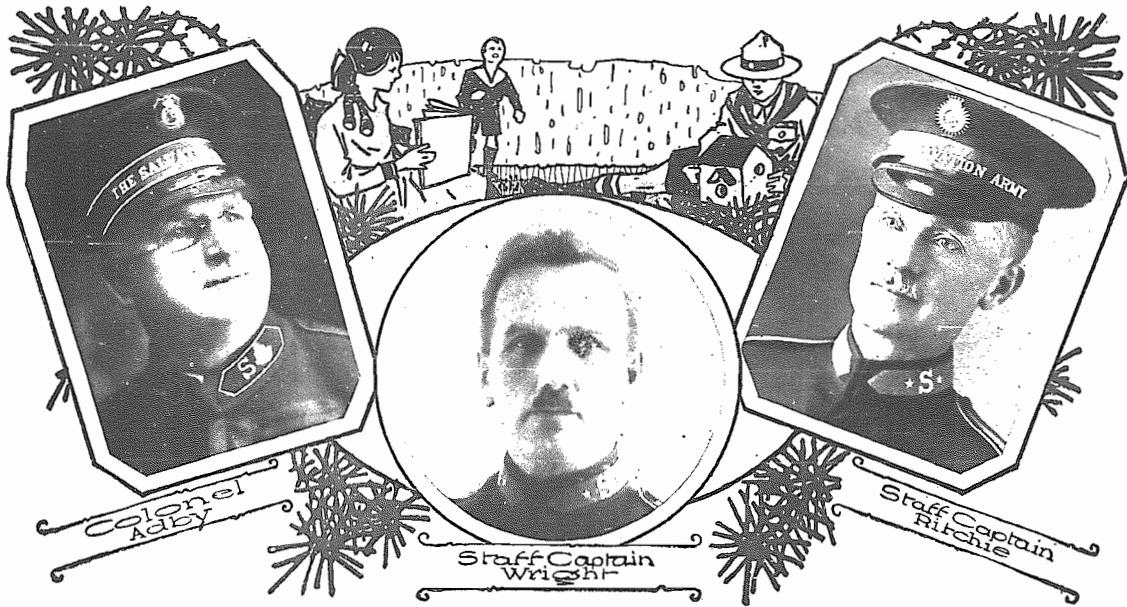
If Salvation Army women are unique, and it is generally conceded that they are, is it not in large measure due to their glorious heritage? Are not the lofty ideals for which our womenfolk of to-day stand the embodiment of those ideals enshrined in the womenfolk of yesterday—of our sainted Army Mother, of Elizabeth Swift Brengle, of the "Angel Adjutant"—and, in Canada—of "Holy Ann" and "Mother" Stickells, O.F.? Truly "their works do follow them." The magnificent example of these holy lives is being perpetuated wherever our Flag flies.

The Founder very early in his ministry recognized the potentialities of saved and sanctified women, and in consequence thereof made this remarkable statement: "Woman is as important, as valuable, as capable and as necessary to the progress and happiness of the world as man." And have not the noble achievements of our women warriors

verified this? Yes, whether it be spiritually, intellectually, educationally, or inspirationally, they have proven themselves the equal of their brothers. Positions of high authority in The Army have been, and continue to be, occupied by women: positions in which sagacity, strength, and stability are very necessary qualifications. Think, for instance, of Mrs. Bramwell Booth, who for six years commanded, with brilliant success, the British Territory; of Commander Evangeline Booth, whose successful leadership in the great Republic to the South has resulted in a marvelous expansion of the Work. Then, again, the Year Book divulges that four women hold the exalted position of Territorial Commander, which entails the oversight of Officers and Soldiers numbering thousands, undertaking lengthy tours under inconceivable hardships, conducting great public gatherings, representing the Cause before royalty and the mighty of the land, and yet in the midst of all preserving that natural grace and charm of their sex, and displaying always the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."

We thank God for our warrior women workers.

Lieut. Colonel  
Des BrisayBrigadier  
MacnamaraMrs. Lieut. Colonel  
Morris



# BUILDING FOR TOMORROW

**T**HE man who plants an acorn is a man of faith and vision. Of course, over there stands a clump of fine oaks grown from a handful of acorns his forebears scattered, and this visible reminder is a healthy stimulant to his faith. But still, the acorns may not take root; many things may hinder their growth. Yes, he is a man of faith.

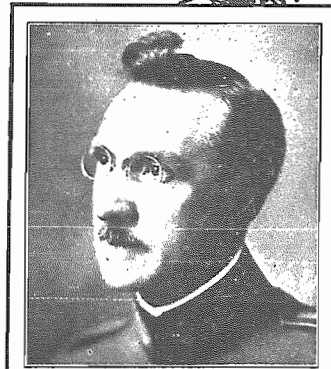
The Young People's Worker who is building for Tomorrow is just such a man. Faith and vision are at his back urging him on in his labors. But the "Tomorrow-builder" needs something more even than faith and sight. He needs patience.

The Army's aim in all its work on behalf of young life is two-fold. It is, firstly, preventive work. The Salvationist is a subscriber to the doctrine that it is better to build a fence at the top of a cliff than to have an ambulance at the bottom.

The Army seeks, through the agency of such organizations as the Life-Saving Scouts and Guards, to protect the young from danger, to fence them from allurements which exert a damaging effect upon their souls, to warn them about many harmless-looking snares, and to occupy their interest in ways which will prevent their desiring the unworthy things of life.

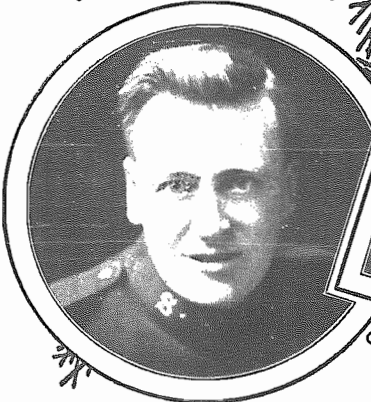
The Army seeks, secondly, to make the young people whom it captures into saviours of others. Its Young People's meetings, its Young People's Bands and Singing Companies, its Corps Cadet Brigades, are aids to this end.

This work on behalf of the young is a venture demanding the most optimistic optimism and the most enthusiastic enthusiasm. Of its importance no one needs to be reminded. Our present General, with statesmanlike vision, realized this many years ago when he instituted the Young People's Days at Clapton—Councils which have proved of inestimable value to The Army. To assemble together all Officers who are on active service to-day as a result of these Young People's Days would furnish a sight both inspiring and gratifying. How much more astonishing would it prove to know the number of present-day Officers who have passed through the Young People's Corps? There were sixty-four of them in the last Session of the Canada East Training Garrison. God bless the men of faith and vision who built for tomorrow!



Staff Captain Sparks

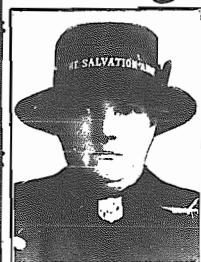
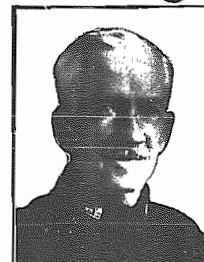
Adjutant Wilson



Staff Captain Ursaki



# TRIBUTE TO THOSE WHO CIRCULATE THE WAR CRY



1. Sister Mrs. Halpenny, Smith's Falls.
2. Sister Mrs. Brown, Hamilton IV.
3. P.S.-M. Geo. Fisher, Montreal I.
4. Sister Mrs. Skalik, Riverdale.
5. Sister Mrs. Hutchinson, Moncton I.

These Comrades are splendidly representative of the host of WAR CRY Heralds in the Canada East Territory. We hope to publish the photographs of others in subsequent special issues.

6. Sergt. Laidman, Hamilton I.
7. Sister Mrs. Knox, Kingston.
8. Sister Mrs. Davis, Bracebridge.
9. Sister Mrs. Brooks, Riverdale.
10. Sergt. Walton, Yorkville.

11. P.S.M. Mrs. Barwick, Riverdale.
12. Sister Mrs. Newman, Montreal IV.
13. Sister Mrs. Jordan, Lippincott.
14. Brother Cook, Timmins.
15. Sergt. Mrs. Tye, Cornwall.
16. "Mother" Sanders, Kingston.
17. Sister Mrs. Skinner, London III.
18. Sister Mrs. Burgess, Halifax I.
19. Sergt. Currie, Halifax I.
20. Sister Mrs. Gould, Toronto Temple.



# THE SALVATION ARMY IN A NUTSHELL



**T**HE SALVATION ARMY was founded by William and Catherine Booth in July, 1865, in the East of London, England. The people converted to God in the services originally held in a tent—were formed into a "Christian Mission" for regular Evangelical work. After this work had spread to many English cities, it took, in 1877, its present name, and adopted a military plan of organization, with uniform and other distinctive features. From the early eighties it spread to many parts of the world, so that at the death of the Founder, in 1912, it was established in fifty-nine countries and colonies. It is now established in eighty-four countries and colonies, and its Officers proclaim the Gospel in fifty-eight languages.

The present General—William Bramwell Booth, son of the Founder—was for nearly forty years intimately associated with the Founder in the upbuilding and direction of the Organization. The General is ably supported by Mrs. Booth, well-known for her labors amongst the people.

**What The Army Teaches.**—The Salvation Army teaches those essentials of religion which concern every man's Salvation: That all have sinned; that God calls all men to repent of their sin; and those who truly repent and accept Jesus Christ as their Saviour are pardoned, and by faith receive the assurance that God adopts them into His family.

That God is able to cleanse the soul; that is, to take away every desire contrary to His will, and to baptize the soul with the Holy Ghost, so that there comes into the heart of man a Power which not only maintains the personal fight against sin, but also a determined, earnest seeking for the souls of others.

That after a man has been born of the Spirit of God, it is possible for him knowingly to grieve and rebel against the Holy Spirit, and thus to fall away from grace and be lost.

That Christ is coming again, to judge the world. That Heaven is the eternal abode of the righteous, and Hell the lot of the wicked.

**The Army Government.**—It is governed somewhat on a military plan. The General is Commander-in-Chief of its world-wide operations. Special Officers, whom he selects for the purpose, assist him in the general direction of The Army from the International Headquarters in London.

The work, in each country, is under the command of some one Officer, who usually holds the rank of Commissioner, and who is appointed and removed by the General; his Command, which is known as a Territory, is organized in Divisions and Corps.

The unit of The Salvation Army's formation is the Corps. There may be one or more Corps in any city,

according to the size and circumstances. The Commanding Officer of a Corps usually holds the rank of Captain, Ensign, Adjutant, Commandant or Field-Major, and is sometimes assisted by one or more Lieutenants.

For financial and other administrative purposes, there are set up at the different Headquarters various Boards of Advice. The Boards are limited in their powers over the matters referred to them, and have no authority such as would hinder an Officer in the proper discharge of his duties. Officers and Soldiers alike are governed by the Orders and Regulations which are issued for their guidance.

**Social Work.**—The special departments of The Army's operations known as the Social Work—for men and women and children—deal with a wide diversity of human need, literally from the cradle to the grave.

**The Defence Services.**—The Naval and Military Department was inaugurated for the purpose of linking together in a league Salvationist soldiers and sailors of the forces, and by keeping in touch with them to help them to maintain their personal religion, to conduct Meetings amongst their comrades, and to take their stand against evil in every form.

**Emigration.**—For more than twenty years The Army has carried forward with gratifying success a carefully planned system of Emigration. Many thousands of deserving people in the Old Land are every year conducted to new lands of opportunity across the seas.

**Plan of Campaign.**—Wherever permissible, Meetings are held all the year round in streets and other open places, in order to reach people who are not in the habit of attending places of worship; and in those countries where opposition has been experienced, increasing liberty is now being granted in this respect. From these Meetings, where it is lawful, the Salvation Soldiers march to the indoor meeting-places, the processions usually being accompanied by music. The Meetings, whether held in The Army's own Halls, or in theatres, music-halls, or other buildings hired from time to time, aim at the Salvation of the people attending them. In addition, other services are held for the instruction of Salvation Soldiers, also for setting forth the doctrine and experience of Holiness.

**Careful Organization.**—The Army, by careful organization, seeks to achieve the maximum of effort and result from each unit in its operations. For example, in a Corps the most capable and active of its Soldiers (members) are appointed to undertake certain local re-

sponsibilities. They are known as Local Officers.

**The Young.**—The Salvation Army regards the instruction and training of the young as of the highest importance. Not only are children of Salvationists, and others attending Army Halls instructed in the Scriptures, by carefully prepared lessons, but in their earliest years they are urged to decide for Christ, and are then trained in self-denying service for others. At the age of fourteen the Young People may enter the Corps Cadet Brigade, and take up a course of study and practical work which prepares them for efficient service in The Army, and in some cases, for Officership in after years.

**The Life-Saving Scout and Guard Organizations** are recent developments for helping Young People of both sexes. Sections of these Organizations, known as the Chums and the Sunbeams, are conducted for the purpose of linking up the younger boys and girls. They combine service with healthy recreation, and give splendid promise. The practical purpose of this work will be gathered from the significant motto of the Movement: "Save your Body, Save your Mind, Save your Soul, Save Others!"

**Missionary Enterprise.**—Splendid activity is marking The Army's Missionary efforts. Developments of established enterprises go hand in hand with the opening up of the work in fresh territory. In Ceylon, South America, and South, East and West Africa the work is extending. Reinforcements are being sent to consolidate what has been done, and to undertake fresh openings.

Sincerely a week passes without calls reaching the General beseeching him to extend The Army's helping hand to some new opportunity amongst the dark peoples of the earth.

**The Army's Financial Position.**—The Army has two Central Funds in each country: One for the support of its Evangelistic Work and one for its Social Work.

The Central Fund accounts are audited by public auditors, and local funds by The Army's traveling auditors. All moneys collected are strictly applied to the purpose for which they are contributed, in accordance with the explicit regulations of The Army.

Balance Sheets of each Central Fund are published annually, and have been every year since the inception of the work. Copies of the current issues can be had free, upon application, from the several Headquarters. For the Balance Sheets of Canada East, write The Commissioner, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2.

The Founder was not supported out of the Funds of The Salvation Army, nor is the present General. They have both been provided for from other sources.



# THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS

## BY A DISCIPLE

**I**N A BLAZE of glory and of golden light the sun went down behind the hills of Galilee. The last rays touched the sharp-pointed ridge of the hills that rise abruptly from the plain of Judaea, throwing long shadows across the valley that melted rapidly away as the curtain of night descended. Down on the plains a few ordinary shepherds walked slowly ahead of their flocks as they led their sheep to the safety of the common fold for the night. Rough men they looked to the outward eye, with their thick, coarse, matted hair and beards, and clad only in a heavy sheep-skin garment that enveloped the form from neck to knees, leaving the arms and lower limbs destitute of covering. Each carried a staff in his hand; while a skin pouch or bag, tied round the waist, held his worldly possessions. Such were the shepherds of Judaea.

Around the fire that had been kindled they ate their humble supper and sat down to rest and talk.

Simple men were these, unskilled and unlearned as the world counts wisdom. The talk they had with one another was of the happenings of the day, of the sheep that had been rescued from the wolf, the jackal or the robber, or the lamb that had gone astray, and the arduous search of the shepherd ere he had found it and brought it back on his shoulder rejoicing to the fold. And in the joy of one over the recovery of the lost all rejoiced. Truly a dull theme to a world whose only concern was the rendering of a sullen obedience to the decrees of Caesar Augustus, or the listening to the latest story of the doings of Herod, the degenerate Tetrarch of Galilee. But it was a theme that was all the world to them.

Each night it was the same, and when the conversation on this subject flagged the talk turned to the sacred Torah, and the hours of the night swiftly passed as these humble sons of Jacob pondered and discussed the law and the prophets, and refreshed their souls with the sweet songs of Israel.

But to-night there was an unwonted silence among the shepherds. Some sat staring into the fire, while others lay prone upon the earth gazing up at the silent stars that shone upon the peaceful plains of Bethlehem. There was a hush and calm that enveloped the scene, broken only by the occasional tinkle of a sheep bell as one of the flock moved uneasily in the fold.

As the night wore on the silence was broken by one of the shepherds addressing a man who sat somewhat apart gazing earnestly and meditatively into the flickering embers of the fire. The grizzled hair and matted beard could not altogether conceal the noble earnestness, the thoughtful demeanor and the peaceful serenity of the face. Only that day had he returned from one of his infrequent visits to Jerusalem.

"Hast thou no tidings for us from the city, my brother?" asked the shepherd, addressing his silent companion.

"Strange and glad tidings, indeed, my brethren," slowly answered the shepherd. "But two days ago I spoke with our brother Simeon in Jerusalem."

"And what saith our brother?"

"Brethren, Simeon declareth his belief that the Promised One is about to appear. By the Holy Ghost he saith it has been revealed unto him that he should not see death until his eyes behold the Christ of God. Now he feels the burden of his years, and that the time of his departure is nigh at hand. The word of the Lord standeth sure, he says, and the Desire of all Nations must soon appear."

As he uttered the words the faces of the shepherd and of his companions were lit with a holy joy. Eager were the eyes that were turned toward him. Had they not earnestly pondered the words of the sacred prophets, discussing during the long watches of many nights the promises of the Messiah Who would come as a Light to lighten the Gentiles and the glory of His people



of Israel? Eager questions rose to their lips.

"What more saith Simeon?"

"Little more, my brethren."

"But where will our Messiah appear? Said he naught of that?"

"Yea, Simeon saith in Bethlehem of Judaea, for thus it is written by the holy prophet, 'And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda art not the least among the princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.'"

"Bethlehem," echoed the shepherds, with awe in their voices. Instinctively their eyes turned toward the east, where, not many miles distant, the town of Bethlehem lay wrapped in sleep.

"Heariest thou aught else in Jerusalem, brother?" the shepherds questioned eagerly.

"Yea, I heard also strange rumors that travelers from the east brought of some wonderful star having been seen in the sky. What it may portend I know not."

Awed into silence by the tidings, the shepherds lay silent around the fire, while each heart pondered in holy joy the words they had heard.

Clear and crisp was the still air of night. Not a breath of wind from the Judean hills or off the Lake of Galilee caused the slightest tremor of the atmosphere. Silent were the sheep in the folds, and silent lay all nature, animate and inanimate, around them, wrapped in a stillness that was more than silence. It was a hush, holy and expectant, a brooding, ineffable hush of perfect peace that pervaded all things, and had in it such a joy as is not of this world, and that mortals never know. It was a holy hush of anticipation the shepherds felt as they looked into each other's faces glowing with joy and ruddy in the fire-light.

Slowly the night wore on to midnight. All but one lay prone upon the earth, and he the shepherd who had brought the tidings from Jerusalem. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, breaking the stillness with an exclamation of wonder and a hoarse cry of joy.

"The Star! The Star! Brethren, it is the Star!"

Instantly his companions were on their feet and following his eager gaze to the east. There could be no doubt of it. Just over the hilltops to the southeast it appeared. Never star shone with the lambent lustre of this. As they gazed upon it, silent and awestruck, it seemed to hang in the heavens, a dazzling, glowing flame of pure light above the town of Bethlehem.

Even as they gazed, awestruck and silent, the luminary appeared to lose its brilliance, while around the shepherds fell a light of indescribable

radiance. Brighter and brighter it grew until they were enveloped in a dazzling glory that threw everything around them into sharp relief. Terrified and sore afraid, they fell on their faces as dead men, when out of the centre of the light they heard a voice saying, "Fear not!"

As the words were uttered there seemed to fall on the fear-stricken hearts of the shepherds a heavenly calm of divine assurance and hope, and as they lay in silence the voice continued:

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

Indescribable in its sweetness was the voice of the heavenly messenger, as the shepherds now knew him to be. Rising to their knees, they beheld a vision that never before had been seen on earth since their father Jacob pilloved his head upon a stone at Bethel, and saw a ladder set up from earth to heaven and the angels of God ascending and descending upon it. Clothed in a garment of dazzling whiteness stood the heavenly angel poised in mid-air above them, with wings folded and hands outstretched in blessing. High on his forehead gleamed a star surpassing in brilliance the luminary that had but recently engaged their

attention as it blazed over Bethlehem. In the centre of a dazzling aureole of roscate light that streamed down from heaven to earth the angel stood. On his countenance shone a peace unspeakable, a purity ineffable and a transfiguring joy as the words from his lips fell on the wondering, awestruck ears of the shepherds:

"Fear not: for, behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

"And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

His message finished, still the heavenly visitant tarried while the shepherds in a divine intoxication of joy drank in the scene. Suddenly it seemed as though the heavens were aflame in a glory of roscate illumination, and surrounding the angel appeared multitudes of the heavenly host. There before their eyes they beheld them, ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands. From earth to heaven could be seen the flashing of their wings, while on the ears of the listeners on earth fell the ravishing music of divine harmonies as the heavenly choir sang their joyous song of praise.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the sight faded and passed away from the wondering eyes of the humble watchers on the plains, and with the fading light died the music until only faintly, falling as an echo on their ears from the starry heavens above, came the words, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

And the shepherds, with joy in their hearts and wonder in their souls, said one to another, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. Behold the Desire of all Nations, the promised Messiah, the Redeemer of our people, has come."—H.

# WHAT EMINENT JUDGES SAY ABOUT THE SALVATION ARMY

"By its works of love and mercy, both in peace and war, The Salvation Army has become honored and endeared to the hearts of the nations of the world."

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

## THE WAR CRY

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF

### The Salvation Army

in Canada East, Newfoundland and  
Bermuda

FOUNDER GENERAL  
William Booth Bramwell Booth

Territorial Commander:  
Commissioner Charles Sowton,  
James and Albert Sts., Toronto (2)

No. 2202 December 25th

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for the sum of \$2.50, prepaid.  
All Editorial Communications  
should be addressed to the Editor.

### Flashes from the Christmas Fire

Another Christmas! Does it find  
you purer, with a bigger soul, and  
living nearer to God!

The King came down to a stable  
for love of you. How low are you  
going to sink for love of Him?

Talking about "goodwill to men"  
is fine; showing goodwill to people  
you do not like is finer.

What are you doing to bring  
peace on the little bit of earth  
you and your friends occupy?

Have a heart that never  
hardens, a temper that never tires,  
and a touch that never hurts.

### "Their Works do Follow Them"

When preparing your Will please  
remember the great needs of The  
Salvation Army, and so enable its  
beneficent Mission of Mercy to  
continue when you have passed  
away.

FORM OF WILL AND BEQUEST.  
"I GIVE, DEVISE AND BE-  
QUEATH unto the Governing  
Council of The Salvation Army  
Canada East Territory, the sum of  
\$ \_\_\_\_\_ (or  
my property, known as No. \_\_\_\_\_  
in the City or Town of \_\_\_\_\_  
to be used and applied by them at  
their discretion for the general  
purposes of The Salvation Army  
in the said Territory."

OR,  
"I bequeath to General William  
Bramwell Booth, or other the Gen-  
eral for the time being of The  
Salvation Army, the sum of  
\$ \_\_\_\_\_ to be  
used and applied by him at his  
discretion for the general purposes  
of the work of The Salvation Army  
in foreign lands, the receipt of the  
said William Bramwell Booth, or  
other the General for the time  
being aforesaid, to be sufficient  
discharge by my Trustees for the  
said sum."

If the Testator desires the fund  
or the proceeds of sale of property  
used in certain work, then add the  
following clause: "For use  
(pecuniary or other) work carried on  
by The Salvation Army."

For further information, apply to  
COMMISSIONER SOWTON,  
20 Albert Street,  
Toronto (2).

"I am deeply impressed with the work which The Salvation Army is doing all over the world, and feel sure that the great tradition left behind by General William Booth is being fully maintained."—H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

"The Salvation Army puts humanity into its religion as well as into its work."—Lord Byng, late Governor-General of Canada.

"It is a comfort and inspiration to know that, great as are the forces of evil, there is a power for good like The Salvation Army which, despite its amazing growth, adheres to the simple purpose which called it into being."—President Coolidge, U.S.A.

"To commend the aims of The Salvation Army is a duty and a pleasure. Homes brightened, shadows dispelled, burdens lightened, erring and broken lives mended and fitted for better citizenship, are Salvation Army contributions to the community."—Right Hon. Arthur Meighen.

"The test of the worth of any society, founded on Christian principles, is to be seen in its redemption of waste humanity and the re-making of men; to this test The Salvation Army is continually responding. Canada is distinctly the better for its beneficent mission."—Right Hon. W. L. MacKenzie King.

"The Salvation Army workers have shown themselves to be of the right sort, and I value their presence as being one of the best influences on the moral and spiritual welfare of the troops."—Field-Marshal Earl Haig.

"The work of The Salvation Army is a striking record of good and faithful service."—His Grace the Duke of Devonshire.

"I fully realize the importance of The Army's work to the nation and the Empire, and I pray that it may have the continued blessing of God."—Right Hon. D. Lloyd George.

"The Salvation Army directs its opposition exclusively against sin and suffering, and does not permit any heresy to intercept its view of the fundamental truth about the free and undeserved grace of God."—Archbishop Nathan Soderblom, Uppsala, Sweden.

"When we think of The Army's great influence over the community, and of its success, so brilliant and so truly praiseworthy, we say that it deserves the honor that it has of being called a 'saviour of the community'."—Iwai Okada, of Okayama, Japan.

"The part played by The Salvation Army in South Africa is most important . . . Your people have actively maintained the great traditions first established by the late General Booth and worthily carried on by his successor."—General Smuts, South Africa.

"Of the great religious organizations for which America is indebted to Great Britain, The Salvation Army is one of the greatest. Less than fifty years ago they sent us The Salvation Army; an institution that illustrates the power of a human being when a life is consecrated to the service of God and man. The good accomplished by William and Catherine Booth, Founders of The Army, cannot be calculated. Though people are soon forgotten after death, these two religious leaders will be remembered all the years to come for the service they have rendered the world."—The late William Jennings Bryan, Ex-Secretary of State, U.S.A.

## TO OUR FRIENDS

Our Christmas and Easter Num-  
bers reach thousands of friends  
who would, we are sure, like to  
have more news of what God is  
helping the Organization to do for  
the betterment of the world. THE  
WAR CRY may be obtained weekly  
from local agents, or by sub-  
scription sent direct to The Pub-  
lisher, 20 Albert Street, Toronto (2).

Any friends desirous of studying  
the doctrines, principles, and  
methods of The Salvation Army  
can obtain books by its Founder  
and The Army Mother, by the  
present General and Mrs. Booth, or  
by leading officers, from the Trade  
Secretary at Territorial Headquarters,  
20 Albert Street, Toronto (2).

Inquiries concerning anything  
connected with The Salvation Army  
will gladly be answered if address-  
ed to Commissioner Sowton, Ter-  
ritorial Headquarters, 20 Albert  
Street, Toronto (2). Statements of  
Accounts and Balance Sheets,  
which, duly audited by firms of  
repute, are sent annually, will be  
forwarded upon application.

Friends who desire to let the work  
of The Salvation Army shall benefit  
under their wills, will be given  
any information desired, direct or  
through their legal advisers.

The Salvation Army will search  
for missing persons in any part of  
the globe, and will befriend, and  
as far as possible, assist anyone in  
difficulty. Address Colonel William  
Morehen, 20 Albert Street, Toronto  
(2), marking "Enquiry" on the  
envelope.

One dollar should, where pos-  
sible, be sent with each enquiry,  
to help defray expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and friends of  
The Salvation Army intending to  
visit Europe, will find it distinctly  
to their advantage to book passage  
with The Salvation Army Intending  
Department. Bookings from  
the British Isles can also be ar-  
ranged.

Address your communication to:  
The Resident Secretary, 341 Uni-  
versity Street, Montreal; or to the  
Secretary, 16 Albert Street, Tor-  
onto; 365 Ontario Street, London,  
Ont.; 97 Brydges Street, Moncton,  
N.B.; 114 Beckwith Street, Smith's  
Falls, Ont.; 608 Dundas Street,  
Weststock, Ont.

## Our Trade Department

The necessity of Trading opera-  
tions in The Army must have been  
borne in upon the heart and mind  
of our Founder, otherwise such a  
thing would never have come into  
being. The need which brought  
about the commencement of such  
has grown with the development  
of The Army.

OUR DESIRE is the same as  
that which prompted the Trading  
in its inception, viz., to be of ser-  
vice to our comrades. OUR AIM,  
too, is the same, viz., that of mak-  
ing our comrades and friends feel  
that in buying from The Army they  
can always buy with confidence,  
feeling that the prices are just  
and the quality good. OUR SLO-  
GAN, as well, is exactly the same  
as the one adopted by our grand  
Founder when he started this  
section of operations, i.e., "Every  
penny profit helps to save the  
world."

Why should the Salvationist  
patronise the Trade Department?  
Answer—"The Salvationist ought  
to buy everything he needs from  
the Trade Department, if it has it  
to sell; and he may do so with  
the comfortable feeling that not  
only will he be doing it with honesty  
but that if ten cents profit is the  
result, it will do as much to help  
the Kingdom of Jesus Christ as  
it would if he put the ten cents  
on a collection plate at a meet-  
ing."

## THE SALVATION ARMY ACTIVITIES IN EIGHTY-FOUR COUNTRIES AND COLONIES

Corps and Outposts	14,107	Homes	127
Social Institutions and		Accommodation	4,250
Agencies	1,431	Women received in these	
Day Schools	995	Homes during year	8,938
Officers and Cadets	22,362	Children's Homes	96
Local Officers	95,414	Accommodation	4,497
Bandmen and Songsters	81,418	Creches	28
Y.P. Bandsmen	10,450	Industrial Schools	17
Periodicals Published	100	Accommodation	1,160
Total Copies per Issue	1,774,006	Ex-prisoners' Homes	15
Languages	58	Accommodation	620
Naval and Military		Ex-criminals received	
Homes	33	during year	2,451
Inebriates' Homes	6	Labor Bureaux	145
Accommodation	224	Applied for work during	
Maternity Homes	59	the year	275,456
Accommodation	1,911	Situations found during	
Women's Industrial		year	164,014



JANUARY						
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

FEBRUARY						
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28					

MARCH						
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
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27	28	29	30	31		

APRIL						
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
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MAY						
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
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# THE ARRIVAL OF THE SHEPHERDS



JULY						
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
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31						

AUGUST						
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
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SEPTEMBER						
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
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OCTOBER						
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
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30	31					

DECEMBER						
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
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NOVEMBER						
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
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20	21	22	23	24	25	26
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